

POEMS  
OF  
THE NEW  
CENTURY

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ROBERT S. JENKINS

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POEMS OF THE  
NEW CENTURY

*First Series*

Minor Lyric and Narrative  
Poems

BY

Robert S. Jenkins

If but Euterpe kind  
Her pipes doth not withhold or Polyhymnia  
Refuses not to strike of Lesbos the sweet lyre.

TORONTO: WILLIAM BRIGGS  
*Nineteen Hundred and Three*

ENTERED according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one  
thousand nine hundred and three, by ROBERT S. JENKINS, at the  
Department of Agriculture.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

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THERE is given in the present volume all that the author cares to see in print of his lyric production up to the present time. The portion of his essay on Keats, originally printed in the Proceedings of the Ontario Educational Association for 1897, containing as it does his views on lyric poetry in general, is republished, and it may be regarded in the light of a preface. At the end of the volume are given a few selections from his lighter work.

R. S. J.

TRINITY COLLEGE,  
TORONTO.





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## The Lyric Poetry of Keats.

THE volume that contains the works of Keats is not large, nor is it one which will be often found in the hands of an ordinary reader. In the case of this poet fate acted in the cruelest way. It gave him just time enough to prove beyond dispute that he possessed strong poetic power, and then cut his life short at the age of twenty-six. As a consequence of his untimely death, we have from him no great masterpiece which will incontestably place him among the chief poets of our language ; therefore, we must examine his poems with a sympathetic insight, and with a careful appreciation of the limitations imposed by his youth, before we can decide as to the position he would have occupied if his life had been prolonged. On the other hand, we ought not to underestimate the value of the work

which he has actually left us, though it must be admitted that, on the whole, its merits are such as will appeal only to the more ardent lovers of poetry. There are hardly any of his poems that will attract the attention of the hasty and thoughtless reader. And yet, though they are defective in many ways, it would be easy to make from them an anthology of shorter passages so exquisite in their beauty as to delight the soul of the worst of Philistines. For instance in *Endymion*, amid a great deal of verse that is sometimes commonplace and often monotonous, but yet has an indefinable quality about it which reveals it to be but the first unskilful work of a future master, we come frequently upon lines of marvellous excellence that at once enchain the attention. There is every reason to suppose that if Keats had lived he would have attained to unusual poetic power. Perhaps he might even have rivalled Shakespeare in control over the mysteries of language.

But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that, in knowledge of the human heart and in ability to depict life with all its warm reality, there is no evidence that he in any way approached the great dramatist. This must be the conclusion of every one who attentively ex-

amines the work which we actually have from him. Of course, it must not be forgotten that such qualities are the last to appear in a writer, and require for their perfection maturity of mind. Hence it is possible that, if Keats had not died so young, there might have been an awakening of this higher power within him. Still we find that all his tendencies were away from the actual world to an unreal world that was created by his fancy. And yet, in apparent contradiction of this, he was a close and interested observer of all the phenomena of nature. He speaks himself of his seeming to enter into the life of those about him, and almost to lose for a time the sense of his own personality. In a letter he writes: "If a sparrow come before my window, I take part in its existence, and pick about the gravel." But the images which were thus acquired did not change into new combinations as real as themselves, but were built up instead into strange and fanciful forms. Keats' mind unconsciously altered from the natural proportions everything it touched; not so much, indeed, as in the case of some poets, but yet enough to sever him from Shakespeare, in whose dramas men and women come before us real as in life and filled with its rich power. Consequently it would seem more nat-

ural to regard him as the author of poems like *The Princess* or the *Idylls of the King* than of a *Lear* or an *Othello*.

Then it may be asked, in what would have consisted the great excellence of the work of Keats if he had lived long enough to attain his full power? I believe that by reason of his utter devotion to the principle of beauty he would, in the end, have produced work of such a surpassing loveliness of language and conception as the world has never known. In a general way, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, in its departure from the ordinary life of humanity, may be taken as the type of the work which Keats' matured genius would have done. But there would never have been the same self-containment in Keats' composition as appears in that of Coleridge. Our poet, as we know, fairly rioted in the glories of beautiful thoughts and expressions; but out of this very chaos of lawlessness would have arisen a new creation lovely beyond imagination, boundlessly and incomparably delightful.

But what reasons would lead us to form such an exalted estimate of Keats' genius? Can we discover anywhere in his writings indications that would seem to promise such a glorious fruition? I believe that not even the careless



and unsympathetic eye can wholly overlook them. First, there is his abounding richness of poetic fancy. We discover in his work nothing of the bareness and baldness of statement that one is accustomed to note in the composition of the essentially unpoetical man. The poet's thoughts come before us with all their flowing drapery about them. Secondly may be mentioned his wonderful control of expression and his sensitiveness to the music there is in human speech. We find everywhere evidence of the variety and extent of his vocabulary. Nothing is more remarkable than the apparent ease with which his ideas flow into words. He seems never to be at a loss for language in which to express all the finer shadings of his thought. Thirdly, it is to be noted that Keats possessed what is an indispensable requisite in all true art—the power of giving unity to his work. In a poetical composition the subject-matter should be so presented that the total impression left with us is one of order and completeness ; also, the sound-effect of the poem as a whole should have a distinctive tone into which that of all the various parts blends without discord. A poem that produces within us this impression of unity of thought, feeling and word-music is the wonderful

*Ode on a Grecian Urn.* A fourth reason why we must conclude that Keats would have been one of the very greatest poets if he had lived, is to be seen in his continual growth in the power of making his work appeal to the universal heart. At first a poet, through lack of a wide knowledge and experience of life, is unable to cause his work to be of interest except to persons of his own way of thinking. His whole style of writing will be recognized as narrow and self-centred, as something apart from the full rich life of humanity. He will be too academic, or too trifling, or too coarse and uncouth, according to the nature of the soil from which his genius has sprung. In the great poet, however, this period gradually passes away, and is succeeded by that of more perfect work. In Keats' case, likewise, it was pretty well over, and his later production would have been of a very high character indeed. Thus in respect to the possession of all the four qualities that are characteristic of a great poet, namely, richness of fancy, mastery of language, unifying power, and a thorough saneness of thought and feeling, Keats had already fully proved his claim, or was in a fair way to do so.

Such, then, is the opinion one must form of Keats' poetry as a whole, but our duty is

to discuss only one division of it, namely, that which includes his lyric production. Our plan of study will be first to consider briefly the most important of the various classes of lyrical poems to be found in the volume of our author's works, and afterwards to examine more minutely the *Ode to a Nightingale*, which exemplifies pretty well the main characteristics of his genius.\*

An important division of Keats' work is that of his sonnets, some of which are undeniably beautiful. And yet he cannot be regarded as at his happiest in this style of writing, for the sonnet from its very nature demands delicate perfection of detail rather than overflowing abundance of fancy. Such a poet as Keats is likely to produce work which seems a little rude and coarse when enclosed in its exquisite form. He cannot bring himself to moderate the magnificent sweep of his brush. It is just as if a detail in a picture for the ceiling of some great hall were set in a delicately wrought golden frame. There could not fail to be some incongruity. Consequently we find that, although Keats was a master of word-music, even some of his best sonnets are in places

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\* Here followed a discussion of the minor lyrics, special mention being made of those written in seven-syllabled couplets. This is omitted as being of subordinate interest.

marred by unmistakable discords. Moreover, the very ease and readiness of expression which ordinarily charm, here offend, as seeming to be incompatible with minute carefulness of workmanship. And yet when all this is said, when every allowance is made for shortcomings in many ways, we cannot but admit that a few of his sonnets are all but perfect in manner and conception, and that nearly every one of the rest contains some part or other of great beauty.

We come now to the last division of Keats' lyrical works, the half-dozen of beautiful odes he has left us. Of these the three most noteworthy are the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, *To a Nightingale* and *To Autumn*. I have chosen for more careful consideration the *Ode to a Nightingale*.

In reading over the poem, that which particularly strikes us is the exquisite beauty of its language. How soft and flowing the phrases are! How natural and unforced seem the lines!

"'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happiness."

Nowhere else is higher testimony borne to Keats' thorough control over our English speech than throughout this short poem. Everywhere in the ode we find examples of his rich power of



expression. We see with what deftness he fixes in language the most elusive shadings of his thought. His epithets, too, are full of a manifold suggestiveness, and seem not to be laboriously sought out, but to rush in, as if of their own accord, to give the expression an ideal fullness. Not less remarkable than his power of amplifying, of expressing thought at length, is his ability to condense. Especially striking is this in transitions from thought to thought and in shiftings from scene to scene. The uninteresting intervening steps are made in a moment. Thus it will be noticed that when the poet leaves the open garden, where he first heard the song, and enters the wood, the change occurs instantly in an exclamation, "Already with thee!" Likewise it will be observed how the transition from description to narration is made at the beginning of the sixth stanza by the words, "Darkling I listen," where the epithet "darkling" recalls to us in briefest space the whole surrounding scene so admirably described in the two preceding stanzas.

Further, this poem reveals how inexhaustible is the store of fancy and imagery at the writer's command. For instance, the misery of life is vividly expressed in the words, "The weariness,

the fever and the fret." A little further down the page, the perfume of the spring woods is described as "soft incense hanging upon the boughs." But most remarkable of all the various features of this ode is its beautiful music, so well reproducing, in as far as language can, the peculiar softness and richness of the nightingale's song. Moreover, the same characteristic tone is maintained throughout the poem, from the first outburst of rapturous delight through the various passages expressive of the poet's longing for the nightingale's unalloyed happiness, his weariness of the misery of our present life, and his consequent despair and desire of death, to his awakening at the close when the spell of the bird's song is removed. This perfect unity of sound-effect is what lends to the ode much of its charm.

But back of all this, and giving to the work of art its soul (if we may so speak), is the manifest sincerity which everywhere pervades it. We recognize that the passionate longing for unattainable happiness and peace springs from the depth of an anguished heart. This genuineness of feeling leads us to overlook any defects which may appear in the poem, as, for instance, the harshness and baldness of the line, "To thy high requiem become a sod," where one cannot

help thinking the last word is used chiefly for the sake of the rhyme.

But with these somewhat random criticisms I must close my brief survey of Keats' lyrical work. I have tried to keep prominent throughout both the excellence of his composition and its defects, and consequently there is little need to give a final estimate, or to perform any process of critical addition and subtraction. In brief, the work of Keats may be compared to a half-finished temple. One sees everywhere about the partially built walls exquisitely shaped pillars in various positions. Some are erect and in their proper places, while others are lying on the ground. Of the latter some are but roughly chiselled as yet, and await the final touch of the artist's hand. Others are completed and only require to be placed in position. Beautiful statues likewise meet the eye, a few standing resplendent in their perfection of form, but the greater number only sketched roughly in the marble by the first bold strokes of the sculptor's chisel. As we look at the unfinished building we do not harshly criticise the present state of incompleteness, but we rather have regard to the promise of future excellence. Such, too, must be our attitude in estimating the work of Keats.

We must not look for absolute artistic perfection anywhere except in the more mature parts of his writings.

It is true that the body of his poetry which can bear comparison with the ripe work of other poets, is very small indeed ; but that he gave wonderful promise there is no surer proof than the fact that he has been a deep well of inspiration for the poets who have followed. From the study of his poetry come countless suggestions for the creation of new and undreamed-of literary effects. There cannot be any doubt that his genius was one of the strongest and most original since Shakespeare.



## Clio.

TRUE Clio, the muse of history, sat  
Upon a shaft of column lying low  
Amid the ruin of some temple old  
Built to the worship of forgotten gods.  
Far round her she could mark the world's events :  
The havoc of dread pestilence and war,  
The gaspings and the thunderings that fell  
Unsoftened on her calm, attentive ear,  
And kindly deeds of noble ones who strove,  
With brother's love, to aid the much distressed ;  
Here rose the demagogue who flattered power  
That lay within the hands of simple men ;  
Here toiled the statesman mindful of the weal  
Of the fair land which claimed his zeal and love.  
She looked and noted with her rapid pen.  
At last she paused : another age was o'er ;  
Its record now was closed of good and ill.  
The scroll was folded. Clio thoughtful spake,

A moment resting, watchful of the scene :  
" Men of the blood-bespattered Babylon,  
Men of the Hebrew prophet's fearless lips,  
Men of the Grecian artist's love of form,  
Men of the rougher Roman's mailèd strength,  
Men of the later Europe's skilfulness,  
Ye strive and strive amid your right and wrong,  
Restless forever, like your bounding earth  
Through ages steady in its swinging course.  
Resistless motion ! Ye may talk of rest  
As something wished, but nay, that slothful ease  
Is not for man : the rest, the perfect rest  
Is action where the efforts measure true  
In aim and strength, and ever one but feels  
The blissfulness of strain. Oh ! hope for this."  
New at her hand a scroll lay, and the muse  
Her writing now resumed dispassionate.

### Rain in the Night.

I AM lying awake in the lone midnight,  
And dark is the sky from the cloud,  
And silence is deep in the heart of the night,  
And the tick of the clock is loud.

Then the rain comes on, and the soft drops fall  
A-pattering down on the leaves,  
And blends sweet in with the sound of it all  
The heavier drip from the eaves.

And quicker and quicker the rain now comes,  
And pleasantly falls the sound,  
As throbbing on in the night it runs,  
The steady beat on the ground.

And in through the open window pass,  
And they come on the breeze amain,  
Sweet perfumes from the flowers and grass,  
Beat out by the heavy rain.

And 'tis thus the hours go on and on,  
As the minutes pass slowly by ;  
And many a thought is suggested from  
The rain and the darkened sky,

Until the soft tread of Sleep is near,  
And he stills the unresting brain ;  
And then 'tis only in dreams I hear  
The far-off sound of the rain.

### In Winter Woods.

Now wintry days to mildness grow,  
And bright the sun shines on the snow,  
And glints from universal white  
A dazzling blaze of diamond light.

And far o'er meadow, field and hill  
The radiant air is softly still ;  
No breeze is on the snowy swells,  
But over all sweet silence dwells.

And thus I am, though summer's child,  
Forth to the woods at last beguiled  
To see how winter rough can change  
From iron mood in moment strange.



The trees, though leafless, seem not bare,  
Wrapped in the warm and glowing air ;  
The chopper's axe doth sound from far  
So soft its music may not jar.

I wander on, and musing dream,  
Along the path which skirts the stream.  
Ask not what poet's thoughts may be :  
They're idle as his minstrelsy.

But now the breeze comes sharp and chill,  
The light is dying on the hill ;  
'Tis time to throw all dreams away,  
And slowly take the homeward way.

### A Hot, Dusty Road.

THE world is heat-laden,  
Not a breeze passeth by ;  
The dust, finely trodden,  
Is scorched and dry,  
As it lies on the roadway  
'Neath August sunshine,  
On and on through the country,  
A waving white line.

And 'tween fences that border  
The burning white road,  
All the herbage, dust-covered,  
Is brown on the sod.  
Not a bird is slow winging  
The hot sky along ;  
The wild bee scarce murmurs  
Its soft summer song.

**A Hot, Dusty Road.**

Such the day that we're walking  
Afar from the town,  
And the hot sun in fierceness  
His rays poureth down ;  
And comes weariness o'er us,  
As slowly we fare,  
And afar see before us  
The road in the glare.

And out from the distance  
A waggon draws nigh,  
And its driver turns slowly  
As he passes by.  
And his gaze seems to ask us,  
" This day why abroad ? "  
But still tread we onward  
The white burning road.

### The Lake.

“ ALL year in city pent,”  
Far from my land,  
Where sky is with water blent,  
And wave-laid sand  
Makes the long sweep of shore,  
And the billows rush on with a roar.

How quiet is the lake !  
'Tis all of blue,  
And the heaven does but take  
A lighter hue,  
And calm above doth rest,  
With a cloud, like an isle, on its breast.

Now the tempest is high.  
What change is seen !

## The Lake.

Swiftly the billows run by,  
Of deepest green,  
Rushing with angry flight  
On shallows in long, long lines of white.

But the waves far away  
Are bluish dark ;  
Upon the horizon grey  
Lo, how they mark  
Their wild and jagged form  
As they crisp and sway in the storm !

The morning sky is white,  
The lake as well,  
And calm in radiant light,—  
You cannot tell  
Which is wave, which is air ;  
The ships in the heaven seem to fare.

The world doth stillness take  
At eventide ;  
Faint the ripple on the lake  
As, round and wide,  
Goes the sun to his rest,  
And the wave is aglow in the west.



The lake so changes e'er,  
No mood the same,  
Like that Egyptian fair  
Of ancient fame,  
In beauty's pride, when she  
Ruin brought to laurelled Antony. .

And how I love it still,  
And constant roam  
By the lonely margin, till  
The time has come  
At last to say adieu  
To rolling wave and heaven of blue!

### The Ships.

SEE the ships that come in from the lake  
    With message from over the wave ;  
See the ships that go out on the lake  
    With message back over the wave.

There be eyes on each side of the lake  
    That will watch for the ships to come ;  
There be lips on each side of the lake  
    That will welcome the good ships home.

But ah ! 'tis true that the time must be  
    When the wave has a crest of foam,  
When eyes that watch cannot longer see,  
    And the faltering lips grow dumb,

Until there is joy at last some day,  
When the ships come in safety home  
Out of the heart of the tempest grey  
And the pitiless waste of foam.

And thus the truth that the sea-waves tell  
Still is the same truth everywhere,  
That our life is a medley of bliss and ill,  
But that joy may follow on care.

### The Dandelions.

MAY has come, and all the trees  
    Leafy boughs are swinging ;  
May has come : in all the fields  
    Fresh the grass is springing ;  
And a little golden star  
    O'er the earth is seen  
Through the meadows, near and far,  
    Yellow 'gainst the green.

And we love this lowly star  
    Quite as those in heaven,  
And we bless the happy May  
    That has bounteous given  
Thousands of these bits of gold  
    For our longing hearts,  
Scattering riches manifold  
    In its wealthy marts.

If they came not with the spring,  
    Stamped as from its treasure,  
Giving dull eyes light again,  
    Grief were without measure.  
Glow upon the shining meads  
    All the bright May day.  
Ah, the little golden heads,  
    Soon they will be grey!



## Song.

SHE told me  
That she loved me  
Just last night,  
When the stars shone.

The great moon  
Rose o'er the trees,  
And showed bright  
Its golden face.

Soft and still  
All the air was;  
Perfumes breathed  
From the flowers.

'Twas silent all,  
And low, low  
She spake the words,  
"Thee I love."

More bright seemed  
The harvest moon ;  
More sweet seemed  
The odored flowers.

**Little Lily.**

LITTLE Lily,  
Pretty Lily,  
Why are you so gay ?  
Never tearful,  
Laughing, cheerful,—  
Have you frowned to-day ?

List your singing !  
Hear it ringing  
Oft the moments through.  
All our hurry  
And our worry,  
What is it to you ?

Restless striving,  
Ever driving,  
Has our wrinkles brought :  
Ne'er contentment  
But resentment  
At our lowly lot.

Future seeing,  
Little being,  
Oft I look before :  
Years which come on  
Bring a woman  
Joyous as of yore.

Yet to-morrow  
Has its sorrow  
For sweet Lily, too ;  
That it cometh,  
None it shunneth,  
Ah, 'tis very true !

But our Lily,  
Gladsome Lily,  
Will put trouble by,

**Little Lily.**

Seeing brightness  
Where there's lightness  
In the stormy sky ;

Not unfeeling,  
But concealing  
Pain that she must bear ;  
Happy smiling,  
And beguiling  
Others from their care.

Little angel,  
What evangel  
Beautiful you teach !  
Can we ever  
By endeavor  
Hope so high to reach ?

How from sorrow  
Oft we borrow  
Its hard face of gloom,  
Doleful seeming,  
Never dreaming  
Selfishness hath room !



### The Savage from 'Buctoo.

THERE'S a savage in our town ;  
Only recent came he down ;  
Rough invader, warlike he,  
Just embodied gluttony ;  
Wild as in the desert home,  
Barbarous in look and tone ;  
All I say, and more, is true :  
He's a savage from 'Buctoo.

Sultan, Kaiser, Czar and King,  
He is lord of everything ;  
All about him must be slaves,  
Ever giving what he craves.  
Still his cry is loud for food,  
Cry that must not be withstood.  
Lowly bend, for that is due  
To the mighty of 'Buctoo.

**The Savage from 'Buctoo.**

But he has his friends in sooth,  
Friends who will not see the truth,  
Call him darling, sweet and pet ;  
Name of love was never yet  
Heard among our English race,  
But the women with it grace,  
Though it may be quite untrue,  
This the savage of 'Buctoo.

You should see them crowding round,  
Kneeling low upon the ground,  
Stretching out enticing hands,  
Eager to obey commands,  
Giving kisses endlessly.  
Happiness in purity,  
It is yours, if you but knew,  
Stupid savage of 'Buctoo !

And the fairest maid on earth,  
Who is wise and of true worth,  
She will come, and she will speak  
Praises, with unblushing cheek,  
That are false as they can be.  
Hath she eyes that do not see ?  
Cheat ? Enchanter ? what are you,  
Bringing magic from 'Buctoo ?

She will kiss you o'er and o'er,  
Kiss you till my heart is sore,  
Watching what I may not share,  
And you hardly seem to care  
For the glory undivined !  
Truly, I can never find  
What attraction is in you,  
Ugly monster of 'Buctoo !

And if I should ask her now,  
With the glow upon her brow  
And the mirth within her eye,  
Beautiful exceedingly,  
For one kiss, and but for one,  
She would turn as if to stone,  
With a look that pierces through  
Like an arrow in 'Buctoo.

Rival, can you not divine  
What unhappy life is mine ?  
When she bends above your head,  
Cannot kindly word be said  
In my favor by your grace ?  
'Tis but rightful in your place  
To be generous, though are you  
But a savage from 'Buctoo.

### Songs by the Lake.

WE will walk together, love,  
This bright afternoon,  
Through the sweet shade of the grove,  
Slowly on, till soon  
Sudden turn the path will take,  
Downward passing by the lake.

We will sing together, love,  
As we walk along,  
Each in turn that we may prove  
Which has sweeter song.  
First I sing about the grove,  
As we slowly onward move.

Soft asleep the sunlight,  
Soft asleep the air,

' Mid the grove-trees sunbright,  
Fending off the glare.

Softly from the distance,  
Up along the dells,  
Comes in drowsy cadence  
Tinkling sound of bells.

Gently flows the river  
Onward to the dam,  
Widening, widening ever,  
Changing into calm,

Forming 'mid a girdle,  
Green, sunlighted trees,  
Glassy smooth the mill-pond,  
Rippling not a breeze.

But our path is turning now,  
Winding gently down the brow  
Of a little hill,  
And we view the quiet lake ;  
Here a pleasant seat we'll take,  
And we'll gaze our fill.

Sit we 'neath the shady tree,  
Suited just for you and me,  
Looking out upon the sea ;  
And I'll say some verses o'er  
That a friend of mine of yore  
Made upon this very shore.

Oh ! the lake stretches out to the north ;  
'Tis like to the infinite sea.  
As I stand on the shore looking forth,  
It seemeth as mighty and free.

And afar on each side runs the coast ;  
I follow it round with the eye,  
Till in distance the blue line is lost,  
And there's nought but the lake and sky.

The sun unclouded, with glowing face,  
Looks down in his path of light.  
The lake is sleeping, but you can trace  
That the bosom is tremulous slight.

But it is thy turn, O love !  
Sitting in the shady grove,

Looking out upon the sea,  
Sing a pleasant song to me ;  
And thou answerest, " Yea, I will."  
Quiet wood, be yet more still !

Lo, the lake is to-day  
A floor of glass !  
Surely on it in play  
Could light feet pass,  
Over the water bright,  
Fleetly away,  
Keeping time in their flight  
To a sweet lay.

Thou art not ever thus,  
O changeful sea !  
When the frothing waves toss,  
And laugh in glee,  
There be many who ne'er  
At end of days  
See a sheltering pier  
Or lighthouse blaze.

Think of the sailor host  
Gone to the grave !



Throng of the tempest-tossed  
Low in the wave !  
They have rest from their toil  
In quiet sleep,  
For the waves never coil  
Low in the deep.

Ne'er do the landsmen bid  
Out in the storm ;  
Far from the fury hid,  
How can it harm ?  
For they peacefully rest  
In calm below,  
While above is unrest  
And stormy flow.

Ah, sweetly sung has been the lay,  
And with a marvellous art !  
With effort none it burst away  
Impassionate from the heart.

But 'twas a silly song, my love ;  
For why will be sorrow more,  
With the shade of the trees above  
And the summer sea before ?

And why dost thou render us sad  
In the heart of the smiling day?  
It is born but to make us glad,  
Yet quickly it hastes away.

For the glow on the land is dull,  
The light on the lake bedims,  
Though little change, and hardly full  
The fount of radiance brims.

Yet day will close, the eve will chill.  
Come, we climb the quiet hill,  
And cross the wood beyond the mill.

E'er I in dreams, love,  
Live life with thee :  
A pathway it seems, love,  
Thus from the sea.  
From sky shines the sun out  
With softest glow ;  
Fair are the groves about,  
And the flowers grow  
Beautiful everywhere  
Through wood and field,  
And to the loving air  
Sweet odors yield.

E'er in my dreams, love,  
Live I with thee :  
On, on it seems, love,  
Thus from the sea  
Pass we o'er the flowers,  
Treading perfume ;  
No time is, or hours,  
Morning or noon :  
On into distance bright  
Passing away,  
Unchangeful the light,  
Endless the day !

**“As the Sun in His Strength.”**

BRIGHTLY glowing,  
 Gushing, throwing  
 Light forever :  
 Like a river  
 Flooding, flowing,  
 All-bestowing,  
 Blessing-freighted,  
 Ne'er abated,  
 Drowns it all the earth.  
 Everything has birth  
 From its gracious tide ;  
 Wide and wide and ever wide,  
 All about it flows  
 In the golden universe,  
 Till it, fading, grows  
 Dimmer, dimmer, and it scarce  
 Can be noted far abroad

**"As the Sun in His Strength."**

By some creature or some god  
In the great abyss.  
What a thought is this !  
Thee with wonder must we see,  
For we owe our life to thee !

Sun, shine !  
All is thine,—  
Shrub and pine,  
And the vine  
Yielding wine.  
Sun, flame !  
Thee we name  
With acclaim,  
As our frame  
Is from thee.  
By thy bounty is it fed,  
By thy bounty overspread  
With a raiment from the cold ;  
And unceasing is the gold,  
On the land and sea,  
Flowing out with riches  
From a hand that stretches  
Ever blessingly.  
Unexhausted shower,  
Coming down with power,

Surging in our mankind,  
Surging in the beast,  
Surging in the plantkind,  
Even in the least  
Lowly, lowly creature  
In land or sea ;  
All form and feature,  
'Tis due to thee.  
All is thine.  
Oh ! divine  
Thou must be.  
Not a sea,  
Rolling fire  
Ever higher,  
Until thought  
Comes to nought  
In immensity,  
Though men thus agree.

In the ages  
Of the stages  
Of our lowly earth,  
Thou hast shone,  
Ancient sun,  
Ever from its birth.  
But thy glow

Long ago  
Lighted rude  
Solitude,  
Ere the brood,  
Bird and beast,  
Still increased  
On the earth,  
And had birth  
The flowers fair  
Everywhere,  
Bright of hue.  
As there grew  
Creatures rare,  
In the air,  
On the land,  
In the sea,  
All were scanned  
Then by thee.  
Truly well  
Thou couldst tell  
What our wise,  
With their eyes  
On the past,  
Have not guessed.  
For aghast  
In their quest,  
They do work,



And not find  
What doth lurk  
Still behind.

What art thou that ever shonest,  
Truly of all things divinest?  
Is it sure that, never guessing,  
Thou dost scatter every blessing,  
And, unthinking and unfeeling,  
Vain would be the heart's appealing?  
Only art thou heated matter:  
Wilt be earth and air and water  
In the ages when forever  
Shall be still the raging fire.  
Thou a tool, and nothing higher,  
In a Hand, and wielded ever  
With a purpose. When 'tis done,  
Thou wilt nothing be, O sun.

### On the Georgian Bay.

O LOVELY islands of the Grecian seas,  
 Chios and Lesbos and the Cyclades,  
 That stand about the fame-enchanted coast  
 Where Persia's lord the fate of battle lost,  
 We e'er can see you rise above the wave  
 In magic light where waters gently lave,  
 Though yet we dwell in far Atlantis wide,  
 Nor spread our sail upon your sunny tide.  
 For we are now among the mighty lakes,  
 Bestrewed with islands, where the sunshine  
     makes  
 In height of summer all the gleam and glow  
 That our untravelled eyes believe may show  
 The southern seas of purple and of flame  
 That sound forever on the lips of Fame.

### The Palace of Joy.

COME up to the Palace of Joy  
Where the Prince of Wonder stands ;  
The gates are wide, and all may enjoy :  
He is waiting with willing hands.

He'll lead you far to the land of bliss,  
The Lord of the Book-world wide.  
Oh ! beautiful, grand, and sweet it is.—  
You will wish fore'er to abide

Up in the height, and ne'er to descend  
Again to the world below.  
The Prince is a kind and faithful friend  
Who will ever his bounty show.

Spend not the years in the dull delight  
That the earthly life can give !  
Come up to the house of joy and light,  
And the smile of the Prince receive !

He hath the treasures of land and sea,  
And more than their paly gold :  
'Tis one of the least of things that be  
On the earth for a man to hold.

'Twill not give pleasure without the rest,  
But fill with a sad distaste,  
And bring to the heart a deep unrest  
And a feeling that life is waste,

Save when the sense is drowned in wine  
Or sunk in lethargic sleep :  
Truly unlike to the joy divine  
When the hurrying thought can leap

Over the limits of time and space  
And seek in the depth of things !  
The wise are lords of the human race,  
And sovereigns over the kings.

**Despair.**

THERE are iron chains that bind me :  
Harder they than adamant,  
Forged in years now far behind me ;  
Then their links were thin and scant.

But the years have added to them,  
Made the old ones stronger grow ;  
Closer round my soul they drew them—  
Drew them to its overthrow.

**Night.**

O NIGHT, how slow and soft thou comest  
Across the eastern hills !  
Slow fades the brightness in the painted west ;  
The downy darkness gently comes and fills  
The world around us, and 'tis day no more.

O Death, how slow and soft thou comest  
At quiet eve of life !  
When weary hands are longing much for rest,  
And still the passions from the years of strife,  
In peace thou comest, and the day is o'er.

**Sir John Macdonald.**

THERE'S many a saddened heart  
In Canada to-day ;  
There's sadness in the crowded mart  
And on the lone highway.  
Stilled is the strife of part and part ;  
The great has passed away :  
No more we'll have upon our lips  
The old familiar name,  
Save to the past when fancy slips,  
And calls it o'er again.  
Yet nought will lessen, nought eclipse,  
In future day, his fame.



## The Beggar.

A BEGGAR I am, and I constantly tramp  
 From town unto town in the dry and the damp ;  
 And often at close of the wearisome day  
 I sleep in a fence-corner out of the way ;  
 And seldom, if ever, I sleep in a house,  
 But often in barns, where the rat will arouse,  
 And pitiless, horrible, stare in the eye,  
 And hope that ere morning the beggar will die.  
     For I am old, and ragged, and poor,  
     And am driven away from the door.

I once had a home : it was ages ago.  
 After labor how sweet it was thither to go,  
 Where wife and where child gave a glad  
     welcome in,  
 For, truly, not always a beggar I've been.  
 But I trusted a man (and to trust it is mad !);  
 He cheated me out of the all that I had ;  
 A lawyer got fame for his winning the case,  
 And I was left homeless with famine to face.  
     Thus I am old, and ragged, and poor,  
     And am driven away from the door.

The struggle was short for my wife and my boy :  
I laid them to rest where no troubles annoy ;  
And alone I was left in the world of pain,  
With nothing in life more to lose or to gain.  
I laid all my pride in the graves of the dead,  
And became a mere beggar asking for bread ;  
And many, hard-hearted, believe not my tale,  
Arrest me, a wand'rer, and send me to jail.

For I am old, and ragged, and poor,  
And am driven away from the door.

For years I have been just a beggar, a tramp,  
And keep on my way in the dry and the damp,  
A-begging for bread where I'm scoffed at and  
jeered,

A-begging for bread where I'm hated and feared.  
And no one will know a heart throbbed in the  
breast

Of the beggar, before it was crushed into rest ;  
And no one will care, when he draws the last  
breath,

And passes unnoted the portal of Death.

Though I am old, and ragged, and poor,  
He'll not drive me away from His door.

### The Suicide.

DRINK it down  
 With still breath ;  
 Men call it  
 Draught of death.

Be not frightened at the name,  
 For the fierce, destroying flame  
 Wide has wasted o'er thy life :  
 Everything with woe is rife ;  
 Nought the future holds for thee ;  
 Better is it not to be.  
 Look into the crystal depth :  
 Never there has dragon kept,  
 Watching, waiting to devour,  
 But a kindly, loving power  
 That will soothe thee to a sleep  
 Where can never sorrow creep.

Though there be a transient pain  
When it battles with thy frame,  
That will pass when over thee  
Gains the draught mild mastery.  
Ancient peace comes to thy breast,  
Gently sinking into rest.

Drink it down  
With still breath,  
Though 'tis called  
Draught of death,

Death, a loathly, hateful thing,  
It is clear as nature's spring  
Gushing from the limy rock,  
Dripping down from block to block,  
All delicious in the wild  
To me wandering when a child,  
With my friends of equal age  
Out on many a pilgrimage,  
Searching berries, birds and nuts,  
Tired and thirsty, scarred with cuts,  
Victims of the brambles strong,—  
Surely men have argued wrong !  
Death is pleasant ; this is sweet ;

Bravest he who dares to meet  
The great end, and will not wait  
Till it comes with lagging gait :  
Better die by headsman's steel  
Than slow broken on the wheel.

Yet a moment, and 'tis o'er :  
I am of *that* life no more !  
Farewell, friends whom I have known ;  
You will speak in lowered tone  
Of the shameful one that's gone.

### The Ballad of Sleepy Town.

I DWELT within a sleepy town beside a sleepy  
    sea,  
And all the early years I led were tranquil as  
    may be ;  
No hurry in the quiet mart, a few ships on the  
    sea,  
And hasty moving trains that halt a moment  
    ere they flee.

The son took up his father's toil in workshop  
    and in store,  
And generations held their place until their day  
    was o'er ;  
And still th' unchanging sea was spread from  
    out the endless shore,  
And even when the tempest came it gave a  
    sleepy roar.

There dwelt a maid in Sleepy Town who kindly  
was and fair,  
The sweetest maid in all the world that e'er had  
golden hair ;  
I loved her from my early youth, before I grew  
aware  
What love was and the might of thee, O dull  
and sad Despair.

And ah ! I knew that she loved me, for I was  
often told  
By look and action that were plain and yet not  
over-bold ;  
For she was modesty itself, and true as truest  
gold,  
The wonder of the people in her loveliness  
untold.

And I remember well the day when first my  
love was said :  
O'er her brow and cheek and chin ran the  
hasty blushes red.  
But she held her eyes upon me with an undroop-  
ing head,  
And in the loving, fearless gaze I the answer  
read.



And then I kissed my darling with the first  
warm kiss of love,  
And I clasped my arms about her and held her  
close to prove  
That she was mine forever ; and I felt her bosom  
move ;  
The force of mighty passion in a gentle being  
strove.

Then happy passed the days and weeks until  
the months were two.  
I came to know is sweet and pure the heart of  
maiden true ;  
I felt a deeper sense of love, we close and closer  
drew :  
O fairest of companionships that e'er a mortal  
knew !

One day there came to Sleepy Town (from me  
be envy far)  
A handsome youth who ne'er had need to know  
of life the war,  
But heard the thunders of the fight the toilers  
wage afar,  
For on his cradle shone the ray of fortune's  
happy star.

And ah! it was an anxious time among the  
maiden band,  
For though they knew that he could choose from  
any in the land,  
Yet many had a secret hope that by a gesture  
bland  
They might allure the pleasant youth to give a  
lover's hand.

For is it not a bliss to gain the high magician's  
rod  
That brings the service of the host that e'er  
aweary plod  
To work amid the narrow streets or on the  
grievous sod,  
Upraised above the multitude and like unto a  
god?

And yet I saw my darling true, when her com-  
panions tried  
To win him to attention fair and gain a place  
beside,  
To him as to the others act: it could not be  
denied  
She ever had the brightest look when she was  
at my side.

But was there nothing now to dread, no danger  
to beware?

He went unto her father's house, a welcome  
guest was there ;

And lo, upon the lovely face there crept a veil  
of care,

And still it dark and darker grew, until it was  
despair !

There was a path that led to town across a  
narrow stream ;

A little bridge was roughly made of mossy plank  
and beam ;

And as a tranquil setting sun gave out its dying  
gleam,

I wandered there, as oft I did, in quietness to  
dream.

But who was that? Ah! well I knew. Upon  
the winding road

I saw her as she onward came ; then at my side  
she stood.

Oh! pale was she as death may be. It seemed  
as if the blood

Was still within the icy heart, nor ever kindly  
flowed.

Dull was her voice, and tremulous, when she a  
greeting gave ;  
And then there came a little pause : "Oh ! be  
thou strong and brave,  
And haste thou onward to the end that high  
ambitions crave,  
And think not of a wretched maid, unworthy  
friend to have !

"I cannot follow at thy side ; we say a long fare  
well.

Forever from thy life apart, ah ! this is woe to  
tell.

For long I would not give thee up—thou  
knowest I loved thee well—

But how can childish heart resist, when they  
who bore compel ?"

And with the sudden words she ceased, and as  
if now I mark

That silently the night has come, and all the  
land is dark,

And the fireflies amid the fields are flashing  
spark on spark,

And I hear a sound of bells, and a watching dog  
will bark.

I know not what my answer was. We silent  
left the bridge,  
And entered in a narrow path that climbed  
the rocky ridge  
That rose along the rivulet, and passed above a  
hedge  
That some one long ago had made to guard the  
dangerous edge.

I left her at her father's home, and on into the  
night  
I wandered with my thoughts alone, where  
vanished was delight.  
For all my life was darkened o'er, and nowhere  
was there light ;  
And oft I filled with fiery scorn, and throbbed  
with anger's might.

But soon I heard the voice of Pride that spoke  
within my heart :  
"Be all-sufficient to thyself, live full in thought  
apart,  
Ask favor and support of none, howe'er in need  
thou art,  
And never know the scorn of men or memories  
that smart.

“Go forth into a wider life, be brave and strong  
and free ;  
Rise upward in a tireless flight, yet ever heed-  
fully ;  
Live nobly for our country fair that spreads to  
either sea  
O'er half a mighty continent, a great wide world  
for thee !”

And so farewell to Sleepy Town. I've said a  
common lay ;  
It is a tale you oft have read, retold in many a  
way ;  
You'll find it in the ancient books and those of  
modern day.  
I've told it as I lived it once, before my years  
were grey.

### A Song of Youth.

OH ! play for me that song again,  
And sing it with sweet voice.  
Out of the lone and still domain  
Leap upward and rejoice  
The images of long ago  
And feelings of the heart,  
Before it steady beat and slow ;  
And for a while depart  
The wisdom of our later years  
And duller joy and pain.  
I thrill with laughter and with tears ;  
I am a child again.

Oh ! new created was the earth,  
And gay the golden sun,  
And, fresh as from its recent birth  
The brook ran laughing on.

For though the world is very old,  
And aged glow the stars,  
And while the ancient cycles rolled,  
Have Sirius and Mars  
Looked ever on the changing lands,  
The always moving sea,  
And making of the mountain-bands,  
Yet young as youth may be  
To every child of earth it seems,  
And fresh with early glow,  
And brighter than we view in dreams:  
Oh! it is bliss to know  
The thoughts within the boyish mind,  
As on the throbbing sense  
Do rush the wonder undefined  
And happiness intense.

But with the later time we lose  
The feeling deep and strange  
That stirred within us, and we choose  
To think it happy change.  
But no, our knowledge never gives  
The richness and the glow,  
The beauty that the heart receives,  
Before we older grow,



And take the armor up of life,  
And, like a soldier stern,  
Go out into the roaring strife,  
And only dim discern  
A glory on the laughing land  
When summer is in prime,  
A beauty in the icy hand  
Of the white winter-time.

The song that you have sung to-night,  
It is a song of youth,  
And thrills me with an old delight,  
Until you see in truth  
A tear is in my foolish eye ;  
A child I am again,  
And feel the hope that silently  
The years away have ta'en.

### Progress.

MANY, as the world is older,  
Say the human feelings smoulder,  
And the love of God is colder.  
Surely they must be in error,  
Though 'tis true the dull wayfarer  
Still can see the wrong and terror.  
Not so bold the high oppressor,  
Beaten oft the rough aggressor ;  
Joy is brighter, woe is lesser ;  
Words have ever deeper meaning :  
Though they keep the older seeming,  
Yet they change beyond our dreaming.

**“Oh! the World is a Happy Place.”**

Oh! the world is a happy place  
 In a wood in a summer noon,  
 Where branches above interlace,  
 And the fleet running brook in tune  
 To the joy of the heart doth sing  
 In many a frolicsome lay,  
 While merrily over it wing  
 The birds in the glistening day.

Oh! the world is a happy place  
 At the time when the woods are green,  
 When I go to a lonely space  
 Where the trees all round are a screen,  
 And hide me afar in the heart  
 Of the leaf-loving god's domain,  
 Full from the moods of men apart,  
 The love and the hate and the gain.

Oh! the world is a happy place

For a lad in his quiet life.

What matter if cometh apace

The doom of a terrible strife,

And a fury of thrilling pain

When the light of his hope is low?

For how will it count him gain

If he yield to a thought of woe?

**After Reading Roberts' "Forty-one  
Years in India."**

No pause amid the battle's fiercest odds !  
 Wild in the rush, and in defence as firm,  
 Like the full sea resistless ! What are these  
 Who dare so few 'midst warring hordes to press,  
 Who scale sky-reaching heights that ages long  
 Have been the abode of unsubjected tribes ?  
 Can we forget the deeds on Delhi's ridge  
 Or Lucknow's bold relief ? Can we forget  
 Those slight battalions ever holding hard  
 To treacherous Kabul ? True, these must be  
 High demi-gods, the marvel of mankind !

## Welcome to an Old Comrade.

FROM HORACE.

WE have borne together extremity hard  
 When fighting with Brutus as leader of war ;  
     Now thou comest a Roman again  
     To Italy fair and the homeland gods.

O Pompey, thou fittest of comrades to have,  
 How often we squandered the length of the day  
     With flowers encircled over our locks,  
     Aglow with the balm of Syrian marts !

We have seen together on Philippi's plain  
 The fright and the rout, when I fled without  
     shield,  
     When valor was crushed, and low in death  
     The brave man lay with his face in the dust.

Though, stricken with terror, by Mercury fleet  
I was ta'en in a cloud through the foe away,  
Yet thee the billow returning drew  
To the furious sea of war again.

Thou wilt render to Jove the feast that is due.  
Awearied with battle; rest here in the shade  
Of the laurel, a-quaffing the wine  
That was kept for thee in the cask so long.

Ho! fill the bright bowl with the Massic that  
drowns  
The care of the heart, and the perfume outpour  
From the shell, and whose duty it is  
Let him wreath the parsley gentle to twine,

Or myrtle mayhap. Who the Venus appoints  
Will rule at the feast: I shall revel as mad  
As the Edoni do; I rejoice  
That my friend to me is restored at last.

**“Qu’il fait bon d’être Canadien.”**

FROM THE FRENCH.

O CANADA, dear native land,  
 Whose name the fair St. Lawrence flood  
 Echoes along its flowery strand  
 In tones so full with joyous mood,  
 When we regard how nature kind  
 With gifts has richly dowered thee,  
 Exclaim we oft with grateful mind,  
 Canadians, how blest are we!

The mighty voices of our hills,  
 High swelling 'mid the shapely pines,  
 And borne along where Plenty fills  
 Her garner from the fields and vines,  
 Verdant mead and beauteous flower,  
 Such as in Eden well might be,  
 All shout it loud with sweetest power,  
 Canadians, how blest are we!



When o'er our fathers' quiet tombs  
The wind at eve does loving pause,  
And gather up the sweet perfumes  
Of their high deeds in noble cause,  
It gently passing on imparts  
Of olden days the memory,  
And it calls softly to our hearts,  
Canadians, how blest are we!

When dread the thunders roll afar,  
And o'er the ancient homeland swell,  
Safe from the Old World's hate and war  
Here in our happy land we dwell;  
And as to ruin rushing fleet  
Republican and king we see,  
With thankfulness we e'er repeat,  
Canadians, how blest are we!

**"Our Native Soil, Our Own Dear Home."**

FROM THE FRENCH OF ISIDORE BÉDARD.

OUR native soil, our own dear home,  
It was the brave that peopled thee,  
Who sought remote o'er ocean foam  
A sure abode of liberty.  
Our fathers, sailed they out of France,  
Warriors bold of noble fame,  
And through the years their sons enhance  
The glory of the ancient name.

The fields of Canada are fair,  
In Canada 'tis joy to bide !  
Hail to those heights aloft in air,  
And to St. Laurent's mighty tide !

O ye who dwell in this new land  
That nature doth so gaily dress,  
Ye well may walk with proud command,  
And ardent hope to all confess !

Respect the kind protecting hand  
Of Albion, your noble stay,  
But check the foes within your land  
That aim to take your right away.  
Be still unbending in the storm :  
Ye have as masters but the laws,  
For slavery ye were not born,  
And Albion doth guard your cause.

If Albion's belovèd hand  
Should ever cease its ward to hold,  
Ye'll scorn another's strange command,  
My countrymen of bravest mould.  
Our fathers, sailed they out of France,  
Warriors bold of noble fame,  
And through the years their sons enhance  
The glory of the ancient name.

## Peace.

THOUGH thunder of warfare, growling deep,  
Threats with a torrent of blood to sweep  
The lands where the golden lamp of art,  
Of love, and of life, sheds far apart  
Its light for a darkened race to see,  
Host of the noble, the true, and free,  
Though there be quarrel without, within,  
Ye see that the wide earth grows akin.

Believe them not who will cry despair !  
Peace has its sign in the murky air.  
Though there be moments of rage and pride,  
When nations seem but the word to bide  
To rush to slaughter with flame and lance,  
Yet oft they will halt as 'twere by chance,  
For there is a power without, within,  
That slowly doth bind the earth akin.

Hope, though the clouds be heavy and dark ;  
Hope, for a brightness above ye mark :  
The sun is there, and its beam will shine  
Some day on the world so black with crime,  
When love shall be lord on land and sea,  
And men shall be noble, true and free,  
And dead the quarrel without, within,  
And all mankind on the earth akin.

### Jean.

"Is there aught lovelier on earth  
 Than thou of flowers the Queen?"  
 Unto the Rose one day I said;  
 It softly answered "Jean."

"Can aught be fairer than the stars  
 That over heaven are seen?"  
 "Ah! yes," they answered with accord,  
 "Fairer than we is Jean."

So the whole Universe replied:  
 "None lovelier has been  
 In all my days, nor yet will be  
 More beautiful than Jean."

Though seasons o'er her sleeping head  
 Change from the white to green,  
 Yet ever, ever hold the years  
 The memory of Jean.

## Spring.

O FAIREST lady, thou dost smiling ask  
 Thy humble friend to write of kindly spring,  
 But thou must know how far beyond the task  
 Of his poor skill one tribute new to bring  
 To deck the vernal queen, whom poets all  
 From ancient days until our happy time  
 By all the names of praise united call  
 'Mid golden thoughts in ever-varied rhyme.  
 How can he tell the joy when nature wakes  
 With unrestrainèd force from winter's cold,  
 When laughing run the rivers to the lakes,  
 And the bright green doth overspread the  
     mould,  
 And far across the earth come forth again  
 The peeping flowers to make our hearts  
     rejoice,  
 And higher rise the hopes and aims of men  
 Who call to destiny with firmer voice?—  
 He sure would fail! As easy 'twere to try  
 To paint with words a picture true of thee!  
 He well content must pass these labors by,  
 And for the mighty masters let them be.

**Sometimes.**

FAIR and malicious,  
Loving and dangerous,  
Pleasing and treacherous,  
Woman, thy part is  
Not always to bless us.



### Service Renewed.

Now the pleasant afternoon  
After rain is bright :  
Clouds no longer o'er the sun  
Hide him from the sight.

All along the southern range  
Spreads a golden mist,  
Curtain beautiful and strange !  
Now 'tis slow uprist.

Come anew the thoughts of old,  
Clouds are swept away :  
Lo, before me the outrolled  
Splendors of the day !

**Service Renewed.**

I can only thrill and feel,  
As in times of yore ;  
For the heart does slow congeal,  
Dwelling with our lore.

Leave to other practised men  
Earthly aims and strife :  
Thou canst never be as them,  
Though thou give thy life

Whole, exclusive to their arts  
Till thy latest day :  
Other laws the muse imparts,  
Thou must needs obey.

Thou hast wandered much abroad  
In the deserts bare :  
See, she now points out the road ;  
Follow it with care.

All thy gloom becomes a joy,  
All thy dearth a feast ;  
Fears cannot thy hope destroy,  
Age his march has ceased.

Ne'er again shall I be false  
To her high behest ;  
Ever listen when she calls,  
In her service blest.

Lifts the golden curtain now !  
I am all renewed ;  
Over face and over brow  
Surges full the blood.

Lifts the curtain from the hills !  
Mists are rolled away !  
All the world about me fills  
With the brightest day !

### The Spirit of our Land.

WHERE hath dwelt the secret spirit  
That hath lain so close and deep  
In our land which we inherit  
From our fathers' toil to keep?

Was it on the mountain-ridges  
Up and up to the blue dome?  
Was it by Niagara's ledges  
Rolling down their thunder foam?

Was it by the far sea-margin?  
Was it on some islet strand  
Where the fisher runs his barge in,  
Cruising 'cross the lake to land?

Did it pass along the roadways  
Streaming on in silver lines?  
Came it down upon the floodways  
With the harvest of the pines?

Was it in the mart and palace,  
Where the strife of men is strong?  
Was it near the sacred chalice  
With the reverential throng?

Was it in the aged unladen  
From the toil in rain and drouth,  
In the true breast of the maiden,  
In the fearless heart of youth?

Yea, it was! In all was dwelling  
The high spirit of our land,  
Stronger ev'ry moment swelling.  
And behold! it breaks the band

Which hath held restrained its power,  
Joy and hope upon its brow:  
Comes at length the fated hour!  
Men must look! A nation now,

One of many slow uprearing  
Over isle and continent,  
Ever to the great end nearing,  
In th' imperial nation blent,

## The Greek Emigrant Girl.

FROM AN INCIDENT REPORTED IN "ATLANTIS."

THERE was a silence in the mournful room,  
And softly the kind watchers moved about,  
And could but mark that the warm life so soon  
Was growing chill, the bright gleam all gone  
out.

But hear! she speaks. You scarce can catch at  
first

The words, but louder, fuller now they come.  
Soft, unaccustomed sounds are they that burst  
From the lone heart in exile from its home.

The strange sweet tones speak low of summer  
seas,  
Of ever-glowing sunshine on the height,  
Of perfume of the orange-grove on the breeze,  
And flash of crystal streamlet down in flight.

“Oh, what a change! From the dear land of  
Greece

To be afar where speech has rougher tone,  
Where duller scented through uncomely trees  
The chilly winds forever seem to moan!

“They have no thought in this hard land of gain  
Of golden days amid long ages past  
When Beauty dwelt on earth till she was slain,—  
She dwelt in Greece and with her died at last.

“I could not learn their uncouth foreign tongue,  
I grew to loathe their business-making ways;  
All day I sat and filled my heart with song  
And pain-sweet laughter from the far-off days.

“Fast comes the night! I see the shadows fall  
As long of yore upon the tranquil sea.  
Quick, quick I go! Do ye not hear the call  
That echoes soft along the shore to me?”

### Niagara.

SEE the wave where it falls to the deep,  
And the spray of the downpouring steep  
Is outflung in a rain o'er the side !  
We are filled with its splendor and pride,  
We are mad with its pitiless power.  
Ever-remembered, marvellous hour !  
In view of the flooding waters yonder  
Over our weakness must we ponder.

Endless, unwavering sweeps the tide,  
Clouded with whiteness, over the side  
Of the lofty wall that is ceaseless worn  
By the mighty swells, and thus was torn  
The seething course where the surges leap  
With maddest bound to the lower deep  
Between the great cliffs that, wide asunder,  
Echo back the roar of their thunder.



With patient labor we strive at length  
To find us aid in a tireless strength ;  
We conquer oft through marvellous feat.  
Yet must we feel in the full conceit  
Of our haughty thought and boasting words  
That the forces dread have feeble lords,  
When long we gaze at the great world's  
wonder,  
Our hearts all athrob with its thunder !

### The Poet.

WHAT bliss to the poet's life belongs !  
He has thoughts that ne'er may have tongue,  
Revelling to full in new, strange songs,  
Songs that have never yet been sung,  
Trying to catch their magic tone,  
That it be not he who enjoys alone.

He doth gaze on the beauty of lake and hill,  
And he views the forms of the clouds,  
He watches the river that winds at will  
'Mid the land that the forest shrouds,  
And fields where sowers cast their grain,  
And that searcheth ever the wave's domain.

He watches the faces upon the street,  
The old and young, the sad and gay,  
In the city where the countless feet  
Roar by through all the busy day ;  
And he treasures up, and scarce knows how,  
The glancing of eye and the curve of brow.

Oh, what to the poet's joy compare !  
All he doth see and hear and learn  
Will rise to his mind in moments fair,  
Enter as brightest forms that burn.  
And they weave them to mystic song,  
Now 'tis low and soft, now 'tis loud and strong.

### In an Album.

MAY happy days await thee, all the joys  
 That life can give dwell ever round thy path ;  
 May everlasting Hope spread out her wings  
 To guard thee in the bitter day of pain,  
 If such must be ! Thus on the year's first day  
 I make good wishes for thee, youthful fair,  
 That ever busy turn'st the common things  
 To lovely shapes beneath delighted eyes.

### For a Calendar.

WHAT may we with true Friendship best  
 compare ?

On snowy plain the far-off guiding tree,  
 Or plashing spring within the desert bare,  
 Or flowered isle amid the lonely sea ?

## A Country Girl.

FROM HORACE.

IF thou but holdest up prayerful hands to heaven  
At the time of new moon, rustic Phidyle,  
And if thou the incense bringest sweet  
Unto the Lares, early corn, and swine,

Not the vine prolific feels the Afric wind  
Pestilential, or the crop the wasting blight,  
Or the tender offspring of the flock  
The season ill in the full-fruitaged year.

Let the doomèd victim feed amid the oaks  
On snowy Algidus and its ilex-trees,  
Or in grasses deep on th' Alban plains,  
To dye the pontiff's axe at its neck with  
blood.

For why is there need for thee heaven's grace  
to buy,  
Slaughtering with high rite countless host of  
sheep,  
When the tiny gods thou crownest fair  
With the fragile myrtle and rosemarine?

If thy hand ungifted hath the altar touched,  
Sacrifice more costly 'twere in vain to bring,  
And the angered Penats kindly grow,  
When the meal thou offer'st with crackling  
salt.

### Canadians, be True.

REAR up a nation firm and just,  
 A shrine of Liberty ;  
 Raise up the earth-trod from the dust,  
 And make them strong and free,  
 Till none in all her wide domain  
 Be overwrought by power,  
 And they from every clime and strain  
 May bless her natal hour !  
 The millions in the future's hand  
 Look with all hope to you.  
 It is your duty to your land :  
 Canadians, be true !

Love her who guards you well and brave,  
 Unfeignèd loyally.  
 It is your right some day to have  
 With her th' enthroning sea,

The sway of fertile plain and isle,  
The swarming homes of men,  
Whom to defend and teach meanwhile  
'Twill rest upon you then.  
Love her howe'er her fate be cast,  
And ever faithful do  
Your duty to the Empire vast.  
Canadians, be true !

What force will then the kindly arm  
Of Britain's mandate hold !  
And feeblest men need fear no harm  
Nor taskman uncontrolled.  
But slowly over all the lands  
The dread of war will cease,  
For none will dare by fierce demands  
Break th' imperial peace.  
Fair nation, in the future find  
This noblest work to do.  
It is your duty to mankind :  
Canadians, be true !



## Farewell to the Soldier of the Canadian Contingent for South Africa.

FAREWELL and farewell ! To the soil of the South  
Thou art gone with the lightsome strength of  
the North,  
To the desert plain and sun-scorched hill  
Where at night the alien stars will gleam.

Thou departest from us to that far-off clime  
To fight at the call of the Empire to arms.  
Wilt thou to the homeland e'er return  
Or, thy work complete, with the brave have  
rest?

In the watchful night, in the fierce battle-hour,  
When hands weary sink from the rigor of toil,  
And earth but seems an abyss of dread  
In which man may show all his might of  
hate,

Thou wilt then need to think of duty's behest,  
Of those who at home over seas have their hope  
Fixed on thee for a proof of their love  
To that mighty land, the guard of the  
world.

### Mafeking.

MEN whom England favored kind,—  
 Granted what they craved, and blind  
 Let uprear their strength for ill,—  
 Men who spake the word to kill  
 With religion on their tongue,  
 Using Freedom's name for wrong,  
 Gathered round with threatening  
 Dauntless little Mafeking.

And the leader of their host  
 Sent his message full of boast :  
 " Spare the bloodshed and the harm.  
 Yield before my armies storm."  
 For he knew not hearts so brave  
 As our British soldiers have :  
 " When's the bloodshed ? " answering  
 Merry little Mafeking.

Fierce the battle : shell and shot  
Flashed about them. Still they fought  
'Gainst the foe by force and wile ;  
Still their colonel with a smile  
Swept despondency away,  
Though relief might long delay,  
Baffled round the foemen's ring.  
Lonely little Mafeking !

Months and months have passed, and yet  
Close and closer they, beset,  
See dread famine drawing nigher,  
Watch the gleam of fever's fire  
Seize upon their comrades true.  
Still they bore it proudly through,  
Bore it fierce, un murmuring,  
Desperate little Mafeking.

But their effort was not vain :  
Joy and hope have come again.  
One more proof that Britons brave  
All their blessings rightly have !  
You that envy, you that hate,  
We can guard our freedom's state.  
Warning now to you doth bring  
Glorious little Mafeking.

## Return of the Soldier of the Canadian Contingent.

WARRIOR, returnest thou, wrathful no more,  
Coming o'er the wave from the battle-land  
dread !

Joyous we greet thee, dark with the sun,  
Laurelled with glory from conflict afar.

High honor is thine for the deeds thou hast  
done !

The fame of our nation is flashing abroad  
At the touch of the lightning-led pen,  
As the mother of the stalwart and true.

But can we forget them, the silent hearts cold  
Lying brave in the desert, so noble in death ?  
They have grudged not to yield at the proof  
Treasure of their life in the Empire's need.

We are joyful to-day, though sadness is felt.  
We crowd in our thousands to welcome thee  
back.

E'er in thy life may blessings be full !  
Honor to thee for imperial faith !

### At Orangeville.

WE look abroad from the hill-range brim,  
Far over the rounded plain,  
Beyond to the bluish bounding rim  
That shuts all in again.

Beautiful 'tis on a summer's day,  
In the silent afternoon,  
When clouds are white as the softest spray  
On dancing billows strewn.

Oh! the fields are green and gold and brown,  
With ever-varying hue,  
And the eye runs up and then adown  
With all the land in view.

And see, along in sparkle and glow  
The houses crowd on the hill  
That springeth where in the valley low  
The river rests so still.

Oh! who could forget whoe'er discerns  
This golden scene in the past,  
Though far where the great world throbs and  
turns  
In million workshops vast?

**Mist.**

THOUGH the mist comes up from the marshes  
grey,

And covers the earth in its phantom fold,  
Though it shrouds for a moment the golden  
day,

There must come a time when it back is  
rolled ;

And then thou wilt see that the day so dull

Has the glow in its heart as it had of yore,  
That the world as ever with bliss is full,  
That nought is changed from the scene before.

We fancy oft that the mists crowd low

On the vale of life, and we grievous pine.

But how needless 'tis ! For an instant so,

Then the sun of joy on our day will shine.

### At Collingwood.

WE had climbed the mountain,  
Climbed it to the top.  
Drinking at the fountain,  
We had watched it drop,  
Roll, and tumble downward,  
Splashing from the rocks,  
To the east and townward  
By the happy flocks.  
Looking from that topmost  
Ridge from which we threw  
Glances to the upmost  
White cloud in the blue,  
Then down away to eastward  
Over plain and wood,  
We dared not speak the least word  
For fear dissolve it should  
The glowing scene before us,  
With checker-squares of field,



So calm the wind odorous  
Lay resting unrevealed,  
Save far upon the surface  
Of that lake like a sea :  
The white lines on the fair face  
Were trailing constantly.  
And there beside the haven,  
As though by draughtsman's hand  
On a great map engraven,  
We saw the city stand.  
Amid its verdure silent  
It seemed from far away :  
Its movement not a cry lent  
Which told of work or play.  
There is no scene that's rarer  
In all our lovely land.  
What joy to be wing-wearer  
With eyrie close at hand,  
And look forever over  
That garden of the gods,  
And easy dart and hover,  
And never seek the clods !

## To a Patron.

FROM HORACE.

MÆCENAS, who art sprung of olden royal line,  
The refuge of my need, my sweetest cause of  
pride,

How many have delight, amid Olympic dust,  
To spin along the course and, perilously forth,  
Speed closely round the goal till the proud  
palm at last

Upraises as its gods these champions of earth !  
And bliss another hath, to whom with fickle will  
The crowd a moment grants the state's high  
offices.

Another will rejoice if in his granaries  
Is golden store of wheat from Afric threshing-  
floors.

And none would ever bribe by gifts of Attalus

The toiler at the hoe in his ancestral field  
 To change his state, and now, as timid mariner  
 Cyprian boat aboard, creep o'er Myrtoan wave.  
 The trader, smit with dread when the fierce  
     African  
 Does battle with the swells on th' Icarian main,  
 Will praise the peaceful lands about his village  
     home,  
 Then build his broken ships, to frugal life inapt.

The sluggard scorneth not the cups of Massic old  
 And wanton wastes the hours through the  
     strenuous day,  
 Reposing in cool shade beneath an arbutus  
 Or at the quiet head of a nymph-haunted stream.  
 And much the armèd camp, the blast of battle-  
     horn,  
 And war that matrons loathe, rejoice the soldier's  
     heart.  
 Under inclement sky, his wife uncared at home,  
 The hunter constant roves, his only thought to  
     know  
 If seen has been the hind by the fleet, faithful  
     hounds,  
 Or if the Marsian boar has torn him through  
     the net.

The ivy, 'tis for me, reward of poet's brow.  
'Twill seat me with the gods: for me the cool,  
    green wood  
Through which in dances gay the nymphs and  
    Satyrs sport.  
'Twill shut me from the crowd, if but Euterpe  
    kind  
Her pipes doth not withhold, or Polyhymnia  
Refuses not to strike of Lesbos the sweet lyre.  
If thou wilt place me now among the lyric bards,  
Ah! I shall rise afar, the stars will touch my brow.

### The Battle Hymn.

RISE up, ye mighty workers,  
     Ye warriors of toil,  
 For cowards are the shirkers,  
     And share not in the spoil !  
 Rise up, ye wonder-makers,  
     In study, farm and mill,  
 For ye are all partakers  
     In fame the world to fill !  
 We see outspread before us  
     The might of the Unknown :  
 Strike, strike, and shout in chorus :  
     " For Wisdom's jewelled throne ! "

Rise up, ye forceful stormers  
     Of fields and mines and seas,  
 In all your varied armors,  
     The khaki-clad of peace !

**The Battle Hymn.**

Behold ! Your steady legions  
To the new god of war  
Swear full the heart's allegiance  
To build and not to mar ;  
To strive on for the blessing  
And wonder in his creed,  
Your purpose high professing  
To march where he may lead.

Rise up, and be not shameful,  
Most glorious of hosts !  
Your deeds alone are fameful,  
To you belong all boasts.  
To you alone is glory,  
And if through direful fate  
You must to fields all gory  
Go from a foeman's hate,  
March then, yet be not joyous.  
With others rest the sin  
To open to destroy us  
The pit that Horror's in !

**Brotherhood.**

ONCE the soldier scorned the worker,  
And the freeman loathed the slave ;  
Outward crept the savage lurker,  
Pardon neither sought nor gave.

Age by age the true hearts grew sick,  
Wistful in their depth of night  
For the world to throb with music  
At the dawn outbursting bright,

When mankind would love as brothers,  
Have no selfful thoughts behind,  
Joyous when the good was other's,  
When the loss was other's kind.

But the time grows long and longer,  
Yet the passions fiercely burn,  
Yet the weaker dread the stronger,  
And the high the humble spurn.

Wiser though is not despairing :  
Man doth less and less destroy,  
Glorious by deed declaring  
He in good hath greater joy.

Brothers ! None will be a stranger  
In the golden days before,  
Curtained mystic, and a ranger  
Love will rove our planet o'er.



### Labor.

STRONG weave the wroughten masses  
 Above th' abysmal roar,  
 Safe on the steel way passes  
 The wind-swift carriage o'er.

The columned building swarmeth  
 With all the arts prepare :  
 There's nothing seen but charmeth  
 'Mid beautiful and rare.

Broad sweep the plains all crownèd  
 With Autumn's gems and gold  
 That sturdy men embrownèd  
 Bear to the garner's hold.

Through poet's dream unfolding  
 An image sweet hath passed ;  
 In glimpses but beholding,  
 Yet forms he it at last.

Fair is your work, O nations  
Of mankind, boldly wrought :  
The ages' generations  
All mysteries have sought.

But manifold in feature  
Your marvels though designed,  
Yet greater than your creature  
Remains the moulding mind.

Then those are robes of glory  
About that form of toil  
With murky marks and gory  
From labor's rude turmoil.

He made the lovely image,  
The path above the spray ;  
He fought the soil till grim age,  
He fashioned forth the lay.

Then, idler, come before him,  
And humblest thought thou bring.  
Bend low and true adore him,  
For work has made him king !

## Circe.

AND now the ocean-stream we left,  
And entered in the mighty sea,  
And came unto fair Circe's isle.  
There is the dwelling-place of Dawn,  
And there she dances, and the day  
Doth first upspring. On coming here,  
We ran the ship upon the land,  
And leaped with gladsome heart ashore,  
And laid ourselves upon the beach,  
And slept till rosy-fingered Dawn  
Arose and woke us from our sleep.  
And then we buried with due rite  
The ashes of our comrade dead  
Who died in Circe's hall. But she,  
The goddess, the enchantress fair,  
High Circe, came, for our return  
She knew. And then her handmaids all

Brought flesh and bread and dark red wine  
To fill with plenty after toil,  
And standing in our midst, she spake :  
" Oh ! dauntless ye who went alive  
Down to the house of Hades vast  
To see death twice, though all men else  
Die only once. We ask you now  
To eat this flesh and drink this wine  
Through all the day. But when the dawn  
Doth glow again, ye will set out ;  
And I shall show you all the road,  
And tell each thing, that ne'er ye may  
Get pain or hurt through any chance  
By sea or land." So Circe spake.  
And we consented to the words,  
And ate the flesh and drank the wine  
From morn till set, and then my men  
Lay down upon the level shore  
Beside the mooring of the ship,  
And in a peaceful slumber slept.

But Circe caught me by the hand,  
And led me to a place apart  
Within the heavy-foliaged grove.  
It was a pleasant spot between  
Tall trees that spread their branches far  
Across the open sky above,

From which there shone, a round of gold,  
The broad new moon, and all beside  
Of the great vault was filled with light  
From those strange lamps which ever move  
With magic law upon the roof  
Of the broad world. She bade me sit  
On a low seat by fair hands built,  
Of sylvan beings. All the place  
Bore token that full oft the nymphs  
With joy came there to rest beneath  
The leafy shade at noonday tide.  
But Circe laid herself adown  
Upon the turf beside my feet.  
And I could see her full as plain  
As in the day, for all around  
There shone a light that ever seemed  
To have a likeness to the rays  
That, softly glowing, quiet fell  
On wood and plain and silent sea.  
But it was stronger, and revealed  
The smallest fold in her light robe  
That clad but not concealed the flesh  
Where'er it touched, for she aside  
Had laid her heavy cloak. The night  
Was warm, and from the sleeping sea  
Came murmurs in its rest. The breeze,

That lightly passed along the land,  
Brought odors from the flowers that swayed  
As they were stirred. The silent dew  
Fell not beneath the slumbrous night.

The goddess turned her glowing face  
Upon me, with her eyes divine,  
Enchantress of the lonely isle  
Far out upon the endless sea,  
And asked me all about the way  
I went to Hades' house below.  
And then I told her all I saw,  
And all I did, and all I heard  
From the blind seer about my life  
And how my future days would be.  
The goddess listened with bright eyes  
To my long tale, until the end  
Was said, and then at last she spoke,  
And warned of pain and trial sore  
Amid the peril of the wave.  
For there were maidens twain to tempt,  
The Sirens beautiful and dread,  
Who dwelt within an isle and sang  
So sweet that e'er the hearts of all  
Grew faint with longing, and they turned  
Their ship unto a place of death.  
Of other dangers, too, she told ;

Of the great rock that Scylla haunts,  
 Who feeds upon the lives of men ;  
 Of how Charybdis, roaring loud,  
 Draws down the wave, again to pour  
 It seething forth. And, too, she spoke  
 Of hope that we might come at last  
 To the far land where we were bred,  
 Our rocky island home.

At this

My heart rejoiced, and Circe saw  
 The meaning in my eyes. For now  
 She spoke in words all passionate  
 And full of deepest pain : " O thou  
 That art of all the men on earth  
 Most handsome and most bold, most brave  
 To gaze on in thy soldier's dress,  
 Tallest of thy proud company  
 Of warriors from the battle-plain  
 Of god-defended Ilion,  
 Famous for wisdom, in thy look  
 Like to the lord of kings, Circe  
 Doth grieve to lose thee, Odysseus.  
 But thou must go. For mortal ne'er  
 Bides long reposeful in sweet joy,  
 But yields him still to the great law  
 That shapes his being, upward bent.

Struggle and strain his watchwords e'er,  
O blissful one ! He cannot know  
The endless languors of the state  
Where all is perfect, needs not change :  
Forever spread our even joys before.  
Lo, now the throbs of thy strong heart  
Go through me, thrilling strange and sweet.  
Thy happy wife, though she is fair,  
Boasts not the beauty of our gods,  
But ah ! she pulseful is and warm,  
With upward yearnings like thyself,  
And easy thus, though mortal, wins  
Against our deathless charms. One night  
To me is left, and then farewell !"



**Canada.**

MY native land, than thou no spot more blest !  
Rich with their treasure do thy grain-fields  
    bow,  
Rich with their treasure thee thy mines endow,  
O youthful giant of the boundless West !

Great thoughts are rising in thy ardent breast,  
New hopes are flushing to thy lofty brow :  
Gone is the fear of future evil now,  
All anxious dread is evermore at rest.

Then gather wealth from out thy rock and soil,  
Use it for noble purpose in thy land,  
And hold thou e'er for all of men who toil

By sturdy arm or heedful eye and brain,  
A safe abode where freedom hath command,  
Ennobling thee, through all this vast domain.

## Burns.

## I.

'Twas Scotland's joy to give the world at last  
A soul the very essence of its hills,  
And valleys rich, and its bright founts and rills  
Where in their face the lovely land is glassed,

Born of their life, and full of the wild blast  
That sweeps at times, but, too, of the sweet  
trills  
The birds so joyous make when the air fills  
With odors new that May has round her cast.

How much we need oft in our strain and strife,  
When strong ambition ever draws us on  
To far-off heights of mastery and fame,

The restful picture of the homely life,  
The gentle looks of daughter and of son,  
The peaceful joys about the merry flame.

## II.

He lived the simple life among the fields,  
He knew each change the varied seasons make,  
Oft he had marked the pleasing Autumn take  
The store of promise that the Summer yields,

And how the Winter with white mantle shields.  
He knew the creatures of the wild that quake  
When man is near : he knew their hearts that  
break  
When he his strength as cruel despot wields.

Taught in this school, he rose to bless us all  
With sayings such the world knew not before.  
He listed oft the voice of Nature call,

And well her lessons knew from early youth,  
Within his heart their mighty meaning bore,  
And gave them forth in all their force of truth.

## III.

Burns, name of glory in the whole world's song !  
How from thy heart swept forth its melody,  
As comes the full breeze off the mighty sea,  
Or from the fair land where the countless throng

Of nature's fresh things all the seasons long  
Pour out their inward vigor bounteously,  
Seeming to know no lack, but endlessly  
To give forth to mankind their spirit strong.

High was thy message to us, needful ones,  
Told in such wise that ev'ry heart must list.  
In its full-throated utt'rance nought it shuns,

But holds along its still appointed way.  
Hadst thou not spoke, how much our souls  
had missed !  
How poor we had been but for thy rich lay !

## Sæcula Sæculorum.

WERE we not born too early, long before  
 The mystic days which in the future rest,  
 When patient man has done his thought's  
     behest,  
 Making his earth for gods to marvel o'er?

For though your life were lengthened score to  
     score,  
 And Time should, in a spirit new of jest,  
 Keep you beside him as a favored guest  
 Alive for long millennia and more,

You would not thus escape great Death till when  
 The learned think of single age are these,—  
 Shrunk the years when æons they compare,—

The pyramid-upbuilders and the men  
 Who send their lightning-footed messages  
 To goal unerring through the trackless air.

### Frailty.

SEE yon grey slope that ever steeper falls,  
 On ridges resting for a moment's space.  
 Down from the height with still increasing  
     pace,  
 As sinks the hawk from out the vapor halls,

Where his undazèd eye proves never false,  
 Upon his prey in its sequestered place,  
 Comes the strong youth with ardent glowing  
     face.

The fleet machine that late invention calls

To aid the laggard foot, so wings him on.  
 But if one thread of steel reveals a flaw,  
 Man's handiwork is all at once undone,

A tangled mass of strand and link is left.  
 Perhaps he's dead? Unconscious? Pride  
     withdraw!  
 So little makes us of our gain bereft.

### The Maiden.

How fair she is! Of all that lives most fair!  
Loveliest of earth's forms! For here is none  
That one can think of underneath the sun  
That will with her rich beauty slight compare.

When one now looks upon her brow and hair  
And thoughtful eye, and lists the gentle tone  
Of her true speech, he feels him quite undone,  
And yields him up to glory reigning there.

Oh! she was sent from out some world of light,  
Where all hath truer mould than we have  
thought,  
Where noblest forms forever shed delight

On those that gaze, and nought of sound comes  
near  
But softest words by melodies inwrought,  
And music of sweet harps falls on the ear.

### The Crushed Flower.

A FLOWER that groweth in the city streets,  
 Blackened by dust and soot from everywhere,  
 Grazed by the passing wheels that rudely tear  
 Its buds away, and strew beneath our feet

The still bright petals, how it does repeat  
 The story of that sin-dark maiden there!  
 See how she smiles, inviting us to share  
 Her poor sad beauty as a lustful treat!

We know not if the flower suffereth aught  
 When it is crushed against the pavement hard,  
 When all the fragrance wherewith it was fraught

Is smothered by the fetid vapors low.  
 But that this human heart is scarred and  
 scarred  
 By flame of anguish, this we surely know.



### Aequo Pede.

I JOURNEYED to the city in a car,  
 Around me sat the many old and young,  
 Bent, as I was, to join the eager throng,  
 Surging, lessening, in the streets afar,

Who to the court of Pleasure or the war  
 Unintermitting of fierce Trade belong.  
 And how we told by gesture, eye and tongue,  
 That all our varied thoughts were similar !

I caught a sight, as swiftly on we passed,  
 Of a dark carriage and the garb of grief.  
 It was a brother soul gone forth at last,

Whose many skilful plannings, were no more.  
 All with me had to yield to Death the chief :  
 Time was a phantom, in a moment o'er !

## The Face in the Train.

A PASSING train, a face a moment framed  
 In the car window,—thus was blotted out  
 The form that I, the ardent, the devout,  
 Kept to my heart as sacred and unnamed.

For how unfaithful cheek had bright outflamed  
 If I had thought my comrades had a doubt  
 Of my heartwholeness! How I feared the  
                   shout  
 That would give welcome to the news pro-  
                   claimed!

She passed away without there being said  
 One word between us that we thought of each.  
 Perhaps her fancy was but slight, while mine

Grew higher where the earthly could not reach,  
 Lent to the new horizon life outspread  
 A fair, faint glow that giveth yet a sign.

### The Painting.

SEE you the painting on the further wall,  
 The one in the large frame outstanding so?  
 Does it not startle? Does not wonder grow  
 Within you as you gaze, and strange enthrall

Its magic worth of art? Shall we o'er call  
 The causes that may be? Not the mere glow  
 Of color and the forms right drawn and slow  
 Do move us, but the truth that fills it all.

Look! Here is made of vice a creature fair  
 As e'er might have a mate in woman's mould,  
 And there a shape, more dreadful none had  
 wings

In poet's thought upon infernal air.  
 There's inner love between all wicked things,  
 For Beauty's arms the fiendish one enfold!

### Small and Great.

WE walk about upon our pin-head earth  
 That a dim-lighted point in ether roams ;  
 We tunnel in and build our little domes ;  
 And fancy that the universe had birth

For us, and its infinity of girth  
 Was outward spread to make us pleasant  
     homes.  
 A drip of water or a sparkle comes,  
 And in a moment we are nothing worth.

But one would wrongly judge, to look from far,  
 Contemning only. Truly, we are rife  
 With marvellous powers, making us not less

But more than force of matter, since we are,  
 Though scanty, exudation of the life  
 That throbs eternal in the abysses.

### The Great Mystery.

How came the world, and whither does it tend ?  
 Perplexed is man, since reason had its birth :  
 He feels himself a strange thing on his earth,  
 What is about him cannot comprehend.

It may have varied meanings, and no end  
 Of guessing is there, though 'tis little worth :  
 The means do not lie with him, there is dearth  
 Of knowledge, and his truths in error blend.

But though he may not solve the problems great,  
 And cannot the high steps through weakness  
     reach  
 Of the long stairway upward to the gate

Of Wisdom's temple, where all truth is scanned,  
 If there were one that could the answers teach,  
 They are so simple, he would understand.

### Life and Death.

THE process of our life doth take away,  
With gentle touches here and there at need,  
What is decayed and dead, for this would feed  
Disease if left. E'en so from day to day,

Whether we're bound at toil or free at play,  
So slowly that we do not give it heed,  
As from the plant scales off the husk of seed,  
That which was once alive is turned to clay.

But when ill death will come, remaineth all  
There at one view,—nought of the base is hid.  
Before the naked truth we humbly fall,

Stares in our face our proved mortality,  
And hope were not, if thus the end were bid,  
And this were all, which fadeth loathsomely.

### Death.

CAN we suppose what meaneth it to pass  
In a brief moment out of life to death,  
To draw one instant in the air our breath,  
And then to be set free from form and mass,

Unclad by vesture of the thinnest gas,  
More unsubstantial than a fancied wraith,  
Changing to what the blessed eye of faith  
Believes to see, else life would sob *Alas*?

Is there a moment's darkness at the end,  
A waiting time before the dawn of day,  
An interval until our life has rest

In the more perfect body, the new friend  
That comes to serve us in a truer way,  
To help us to attain a height unguessed?

## God.

HE sits far off, and yet is close at hand,  
 The unimaginable One ; and we  
 Look outward from the finite round, and see  
 So wrongly that we all misunderstand.

We build up labored theories on demand  
 Of some strange fancy, and unblushingly  
 We claim to know the right, from errors  
 free,—  
 All else be wrong and impious and banned !

But while the sects dispute, will you and I  
 Seek the dim truth that rests in reason's tale,  
 Cast out the sordid, the grotesque, outgrown,

Help with our strength where we can good  
 descry,  
 Hope and be calm where we can nought avail,  
 And trust the Hand of that all-guiding One.



### Immortality.

LIFE will not die, but ever endless runs,  
A mystic current, full, unerringly,  
Informing with rich motion joyously.  
Though quickly mortal Time his course outruns,

And worlds do fail and dimly glow the suns,  
We shall remain, forever constant be,  
Though changing, changeless in eternity,  
And Death's grim look will be a smile at once!

For all the horror that our nature sets  
About the passage to that newer time,  
Is needed but to guard for him who frets

Against the ills which meet him on his way.  
For those it nothing means who think no  
crime,  
Who, as the bard of old, live full the day.

## The Child.

WHAT wonders wait within this little form  
 Just newly fashioned for our life's rough toil,  
 So delicately moulded, to be spoil  
 Of fiercest action 'mid the stress and storm

Of future years, when the high passions warm,  
 And urge to conquest in the wild turmoil  
 Of man's ambition! Oh, hope they may not  
                   soil  
 With what be base or dreadful or difform.

Ah! how I watch thee who art of the days  
 That follow ours! I strive the thoughts to  
                   guess  
 That will have sway when all our works and  
                   ways

Do slowly join the unregarded past,  
 Where, slighted by a proud forgetfulness,  
 Wisdom and folly equal are at last.

### The Mother.

WE knew her as the happy maiden fair,  
    Passing bright days within the little round  
    Of pleasant life that girlish friendships found,  
So thoughtless seeming, gay, and without care,

That none there was who could believe that e'er  
    A graver note might blend with that sweet  
        sound  
    Of laughter swelling gleeful without bound,  
As birds sing when the trees their blossoms wear.

But look! When we regard her now, she seems  
    Madonna with the world's joy in her eyes,  
Yet tempered by a thoughtfulness that dreams

Of the high mission charging her to guard  
    The tender infant that so helpless lies  
Safe in her arms with all the earth outbarred.

## Sadness.

WHY comest thou to me in mist and gloom,  
Dark creature that dost aim to conquer joy?  
Was I not kissed by Mirth when, as a boy,  
I lay in slumber 'mid the green and bloom?

Thus was I saved forever from the doom  
Of thy harsh rule to be th' unhappy toy  
Of sportive fiends that serve in thy employ  
Go hence, dread visage, thou hast here not room.

Where'er I roamed in city or in wood,  
By mart or fount, has Gladness been with me.  
What bliss lay in the brightness of her mood,

As on we wandered all the mazy way  
That life laid out! As it was then 'twill be  
Forever but a happy festal day.

### The flower.

THE wonder of our comrade world, the plants,  
 The noblest mould their richest strain may  
     show,  
 How pale our beauties when they front the  
     glow,  
 Of its unpassioned bloom ! Ne'er in romance

Of magic did a wizard's hand by chance  
 Make shape more perfect, give it color so.  
 How marvel we that from base earth should  
     grow  
 A creature that with beauty so enchants !

But my loved one is fairer far than this :  
 She hath the loveliness of soul that adds  
 A millionfold. The empty floweret here

May serve a moment, but immortal is  
 The bliss that me, the undeserving, glads,  
 Since now I know that she does hold me dear.

### The Shower.

THERE is a scent of freshness in the air,  
 A cooling gust of wind blows in the face ;  
 The passers in the street at quicker pace  
 Go homeward, but the children's brows so fair

A joyful look of expectation wear.  
 The first drops come, and madly now they  
     race  
 Each other, until dotted o'er the place  
 Are little pools in shapes of round and square.

Now quickly the rain ceases, and the sun  
 Comes forth, as if refreshed, from its retreat,  
 And Nature, late adrip, shakes out her plumes,

And beams her gladness from a thousand  
     blooms.

The men who pass greet with a blither tone,  
 The children fill with merriment the street.

### The Friend.

WE met in the vast city far away  
 Where leagues along the costly shore extends  
 The line of shops and dwellings. We were  
 friends  
 That drifted to each other, till one day

We met at last, and made acquaintance gay.  
 And what a merry life we led ! Nor ends  
 All thus, but the fair future yet appends  
 A pleasing sequel, though our hopes delay.

How good to look in laughing eyes that show  
 Nought but true wishes ! Rude of soul would  
 be  
 The one untouched by gentle charms that slow

Wove secret bonds that held us captive all.  
 True one, we long beyond the plains to see  
 Thee as of yore in Trade's high capital.

### The Acquaintance.

THERE was one day, of all our lives but one,  
 With such event : on this alone it chanced  
 That we should meet. How brightly then  
                   there glanced  
 Th' unwonted glory of the summer sun !

For spring had scarce her loving labors done,  
 And still the early flowers the view entranced.  
 Amid the splendor and the bloom advanced  
 You who were not in loveliness outdone.

And with what gladness must one ever look  
       Back to that time ! All else which happened  
                   then  
 Has brighter hue upon it in that nook

Of memory's realm. Oft do wander there  
       The willing thoughts, to fancy yet again  
 They see you walking through the pathways  
       fair.



**Heat.**

WE look from out the shadow of the trees.

The hills far off show through dim haze their  
blue ;

The plain is green, for summer is yet new.  
There broods a breathless heat, stilled is the  
breeze.

All nature rests : one scarce a movement sees

In any part, though broad extend his view.

We pass our day, while the soft chimes renew  
The languor of long hours, in sheltered ease.

But now the sun draws onward to the west,

The blue becomes a purple on the hill,  
And, like pavilion for a festal hour,

The sky in colored webs of cloud is dressed.

Soon all is shadow, for the night gains power,  
And nature bows beneath her darker will.

## Napoleon.

HE was the last of Titan birth, alone  
 For us the mate of those they feigned of old  
 As born from Earth. One hundred years out-  
     rolled  
 Of glory of accomplishment are blown

Aside as vapor : we see him standing lone  
 Above mankind, defiant, uncontrolled,  
 Dethroning Jupiter, the age-long mould  
 Into whose shape men's thoughts and ways have  
     grown.

He might dismay an instant, seem to hold  
 The victory above th' unconquered power ;  
 Yet comes the moment which shall close it all,

When the great thunderbolts are forged, and  
     shower  
 The lightnings. But up the champion bold  
 Amid the fiery storm strives to his fall.

Song from "When the Heart is  
Young."

THE Lady bought a Darling wheel,  
A creature rare of finest steel  
And lovely curve of rim and tire,  
The object long of fond desire.  
And when I had another make,  
And asked her for a spin to take,  
She lifted up her haughty head,  
And froze me with a look instead.

"No, no," said she, "it cannot be!  
I really must decline.  
If you were wise, and had good eyes,  
You'd bought a wheel like mine."

The Lady bought a Smith mobile,—  
She had discarded long the wheel,—  
And wretches whispered, "She is old!"  
And gleeful now her summers told.  
Of all the crowd, they laughing said,  
Just she and I were left unwed;  
Would she be proud, as in the past,  
And die an ancient maid at last?

Oh, joy! she wrote a little note  
That left me not in doubt:  
"Just leave your steed beside its feed,  
And drive with me without."

Scene from "When the Heart is  
Young."

*Street in front of a school. The scholars are  
coming out.*

FIRST BOY :

Where are you going, Frank ?

SECOND BOY :

Off to the river bank.

Cannot you come, too ?

You know we've patched the old canoe :

There's not a hole in it now or crack.

We'll go to Shadow Lake and back.

We'll stealthy creep

Where the current's steep,

But where the water level spreads,

We'll show the fish in their lazy beds

In the mazy haunts of their glassy lair,

Our path is a flash in the blazing air.

FIRST BOY :

I'll take my books and go first home,  
And you'll be ready when I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

FIRST SENIOR BOY :

What are you going to do, Will, for the night?  
Do you intend to brew still with delight  
The golden liquor from those books of Greek,  
The rich, sweet essence that a soul so weak  
As mine is never may have hope to taste?  
Come now, I beg, for once some moments  
waste.

I see the men already in the field;  
They want you in the front your strength to  
wield.

SECOND SENIOR BOY :

I hope I'm not so much a bookworm grown  
That I should scorn that noble sport, when  
thrown  
The ball is and the fight is on.

[*Exeunt.*]

LITTLE GIRLS (*singing*):

Poor Dinah Docket  
Had a hole in her pocket,  
And she lost a cent.

What did they do?  
They mended the rent  
Where the hole came through.

Poor Dinah Docking  
Had a hole in her stocking,  
And she lost her toe.  
What did they do?  
They made one so—  
And stuck it with glue.

Poor Dinah Donnet  
Had a hole in her bonnet,  
And she lost her head.  
What did they do?  
They put her to bed  
Till a new one grew.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter older girls arm in arm.*

FIRST GIRL :

It is over at last. I'm glad  
To be out once more from the sad  
Old books that are stupid within.  
Pretty colors they bind them in!  
They're fiery red and rusty black :  
A look gives a nervous attack.

SECOND GIRL :

Would you want them gay as your gown,  
Prettiest blue I know in town?  
I'm certain that Lucy May  
Hadn't her heart in her work to-day.  
She studied over in place  
The dress to suit her gipsy face.

[*Exeunt.*

PHILIP *and* PAUL *enter after all the others  
are gone.*

PAUL :

Philip, 'tis strange a student good as you  
Should be so careless in his work all through  
The day in class. I saw the masters look  
With much surprise, when you the questions  
took

Sometimes with other meaning than they bore,  
As if you had but listened half and tore  
Your thought a moment from some absent  
thing.

And once or twice we laughed, and twinkling  
The teacher's eyes were. You looked red and  
cross.

To understand it I am quite at loss,  
For merrily you laugh as any one,  
Though you yourself are victim of the fun.



PHILIP :

I might dissemble that I'm scarcely well,  
And it would true be, but there's more to tell.  
I fear that girl of whom I spoke to you  
Has quite bewitched me in this day or two.  
'Tis strange for me who've been in love before  
To feel that I am yet soft at the core.  
Can man do nought in all his early days  
But wander in and out where Cupid strays?  
This pretty stranger, who my thought has had  
Scarce known to me, was by some spirit bad  
Put where I saw her always when at school,  
And she has caught my heartstrings, made a  
fool  
Of me once more. I did not see the thing  
Till she was absent. Now's the reckoning.

PAUL :

Oh, Philip, you are what they call a flirt,  
Whose heart's a-flutter if a woman's skirt  
Pass in his path. But these light flutterings  
Are like the dandelion seeds with wings  
That trouble not the hard rock underneath,  
When they fly o'er it with the wind's soft  
breath.

PHILIP :

Paul, you may give me any name in love

That means I'm foolish, and it right will  
 prove ;  
 But not of those that vulgarly unfold  
 A brain that's cunning and a heart that's cold.  
 You well may laugh, for I have quite deserved  
 My friends should merry be, when they've  
 observed  
 My old affections caught by some new face,  
 An eye of brightness, and a form of grace,  
 I cannot ward it off, destroy, remove :  
 I'm once again quite helplessly in love.

PAUL :

I've been your friend through all our school-  
 boy days,  
 I've seen you scorching oft in Cupid's blaze ;  
 You will grow cool again, the fit be o'er ;  
 You'll meet another girl, and then once more  
 The old disease is strong, till it be passed :  
 You'll marry her whom you have loved the  
 last.  
 Your love is like an ague in your bones,  
 Not like the smallpox, only taken once.  
 How you must envy Solomon of old,  
 Who had his wealth in beauty and in gold !

*Sings.*

There lived a king in days of yore,  
Who learnêd was in wisdom's lore,  
And none had wiser been before.

Who was it? Old King Solomon.  
Who was it? Bold King Solomon,  
Who lived in days of yore.

He had no joy in single life,  
He had no fear of wedded strife,  
And took each day another wife.

Who was it? Old King Solomon.  
Who was it? Bold King Solomon,  
Who took each day a wife.

The good he married and the bad,  
The merry married and the sad,  
For marriage was the royal fad.

Who was it? Old King Solomon.  
Who was it? Bold King Solomon,  
Who married good and bad.

He married far, he married wide,  
He married up the countryside,  
And filled their places when they died.

Who was it? Old King Solomon.  
Who was it? Bold King Solomon,  
Who married far and wide.

168    Scene from "When the Heart is Young."

And so he married score by score,  
And filled the palace floor by floor,  
And still he said, "There's room for more."  
    Who was it? Old King Solomon?  
    Who was it? Bold King Solomon,  
    Who said, "There's room for more."

But in the course of time he died;  
With one accord the widows cried;  
The tears ran down the sink outside.  
    Who was it? Old King Solomon.  
    Who was it? Bold King Solomon,  
    For whom the widows cried.

They built him up a lordly pile,  
And left him there to slowly spoil;  
His wives took up a good square mile.  
    Who was it? Old King Solomon.  
    Who was it? Bold King Solomon,  
    Who slumbered in the pile.

PHILIP :

Incorrigible jester, still you are  
Cold in your heart, Paul, never knew a care  
'Bout girlish beauty. But there'll come a day  
When you will suffer, and that soul so gay  
Will feel the tenfold fury in the end,

Scene from "When the Heart is Young." 169

When all its feeling, through the long years  
 penned  
 In icy bars, outpours and bears it off.  
 Then will the scoffer cease at last to scoff.

PAUL:

Why, what a future you do promise me !  
Not sipping daintily it is to be,  
And trying various kinds their worth to prove,  
And growing quite a connoisseur in love,  
But saving up for one vast feast of it  
To drown my joy and sink my simple wit.  
Oh ! I'll be sentimental to the fill ;  
But now I leave you to your love-dreams,  
Phil. [Exit PAUL.

PHILIP (*alone*):

Paul is not thoughtless underneath his fun.  
He holds his wish in check far more than one  
At our age often cares to do, and strives  
To follow up the path of noble lives.  
But he was wrong when he made aim to prove  
That I was fickle, had no strength of love.  
Oh ! I feel strongly, wander reckless on,  
Scarce seeing what's around me, till is done  
The path where love led. If it leads nowhere,  
It is love's fault, not mine, I truly swear.

170    Scene from "When the Heart is Young."

But listen ! now the boys are practising  
For Friday's concert songs that they will  
sing.

*Voices.*

When a man's in love  
One maid is as fair  
As a queen may prove  
With a crown in her hair.  
But the world is cold,  
And its joy is dim,  
If he must behold  
That she loveth not him.

When a man's in love,  
When a man's in love,  
She's a queen so fair  
With a crown in her hair,  
When a man's in love.

When a man's in love  
No star in the sky  
Gives light from above  
Like the glance of her eye.  
But his life is drear,  
And the future dim,

If she is so dear  
And she loveth not him.

When a man's in love, etc.

When a man's in love  
Never mystic wand  
Such a magic wove  
As the touch of her hand.  
But his bliss is past,  
And the world is dim,  
When he knows at last  
That she loveth not him.

When a man's in love, etc.

### Lampman.

BELOVED forever in our country's song,  
 It was thy fate to pass so soon away  
 At the mere promise of the golden dawn  
 Of our young nation's greatness. Thou saw'st  
     not,  
 Nor he who sleeps afar 'mid Orangeville hills,  
 McLachlan, what is for us, the favored,  
 Mayhap reserved to see, the flashing forth  
 Of the bright beams and part of the high course  
 To a meridian splendor. And one,  
 A simple songster of these Titan times,  
 Giving a babbling utt'rance of the might  
 That stirs, new-born, in the colossal arms  
 That grasp two oceans, wishes ye were here  
 To help, to guide, and to inspire, for weak  
 He feels in presence of great themes that crave  
 A master's skill. But though he oft may err,



Some humble phrase, made excellent by chance,  
Perhaps will add a morsel to the feast  
Of patriot joy, or new courage give,  
When there is need and failure seems to threat.  
Oh ! he will hope the toil that he has spent,  
The toil he yet will spend, will be not void,  
Not childish effort to drain out a sea  
Such as Augustine saw ; that he has oped  
A tiny rift through which a rivulet  
May pass a while, till it has worn a bed  
For a vast current like Niagara.















